Grie

Our Fatherless Ones

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless"—Psalm 10:14.

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Topics of the Times

North Carolina spent $7,000,000 on her public schools last year, and it is expected that the total may reach $9,000,000 or more this year.

Gaston cunty is boasting of 91 cotton mills. We doubt whether there is another county in all the world in the class with Gaston.

North Carolina is the fourth State in the Union in agricultural wealth. It is a far cry from the North Carolina of ten years ago to the North Carolina of today.

Judging by the simmering around the sides the political pot will be brought to the boiling stage long before the June primaries. Hats are going into the ring in utter disregard to the h. c. l.

An Interchurch World Movement rally will be held in the Second Presbyterian church, Charlotte, March 8, 9 and 10, to which all white Protestant pastors are invited. Railroad fare will be paid both ways. This will insure an audience, and the speakers may be depended upon to convince any doubting Thomas that the movement is all right in every way.

The Southern Presbyterian General Assembly will convene in the First Presbyterian church, Charlotte, May 20th. Charlotte is assured in advance of a crowd for her celebration, and an "e-lect" crowd at that. The Baptists are talking of inviting Deacon Lloyd George to their convention. Guess there would be no harm in the Presbyterians inviting Elder Wilson.

As was confidentially expected, our Presbyterian hosts in North Carolina carried the $1,000,000 drive for education "over the top," and with a safe margin. This insures for Davidson College two additional gifts; one of $100,000 from the Rockefeller foundation, and another of $60,000 from Mr. C. E. Graham. This was a glorious victory for Christian Education.

"Little Rhody" is determined to be found in the ditch fighting with John Barleycorn when the latter is finally and forever engulfed. The last spark of hope for J. B. and "Little Rhody" will be dashed to pieces when the Supreme Court passes on the prohibition amendment to the constitution. This is the last desperate effort of one who has been condemned, sentenced and kicked down a nation's back steps.

Gov. Bickett will be remembered as the "pardoning Governor" of North Carolina. Mr. Bickett has let his sympathy get the better of his judgment, and he is using his pardoning power with a reckless hand. This is no time for sentimental action when human life is becoming more and more unsafe in North Carolina. Bickett's mistakes are due to the fact that he is a very kind-hearted man and OUR FATHERLESS ONES will not hold this against him.

"Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel; behind the mill the wheat-field; on the wheat-field falls the sunlight; above the sun is God."

AN ENDLESS JOB.

Men may come and men may go, but the repair man's job goes on forever. Especially is this true in an orphanage where you will find several hundred normal growing boys and girls. Some of our buildings have been occupied by children for nearly thirty years and have had hard wear and tear. In some of them, it has been necessary at one time or another to replace well-nigh everything except walls and chimneys. The floors have been worn through and have had to be replaced, windows, of course, have been frequently knocked out and blinds have been shattered as well. The plastering in the walls has been dug through in many places and at many times, for who would expect a plastered wall to stand intact, year after year, with a group of youngsters cavorting on there. A great many roofs have been replaced, and especially in these days is the cost of such work immense. Then there are hinges to break and locks to give way before we give consideration to chairs that break down, sofas that go to pieces in the sitting room, bed springs that become sway-back, so to speak, quilts that wear into holes, sheets and mattresses that go to the bad through use as well as abuse. It is not to be doubted that the repair bill will grow larger year by year as age comes to the buildings and as there is a multiplication of the buildings.

Russia is to be a land of roving warriors. "Reds" Lenine and Trotsky came into power through war and they intend to stay in power by the generous use of the weapons of warfare. Every able-bodied man under 35 has been called to the "colors"; which means that the "red" territory is to be enlarged.

Dr. Caird says it is not the fact that a "man has riches" which keeps him from the kingdom of heaven, but the fact that "riches have him."

* * *

"The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind I should want neither a fine house nor fine furniture."

HOW A FATHER GOT RESULTS.

Some time ago there appeared in the American Magazine a boy's reasons why he would like to be such a man as his father was. There are some interesting reasons given, and we pass them on to you to see if you can improve on them.

Because he was gentle.

Because his eyes twinkled and his face was jolly.

Because he thought no work of his hands beneath him if it brought food and a shelter.

Because he loved all children and let them climb over his shoulders and pull his hair.

Because he smiled at us children even in days when he was hiding black despair in his heart.

Because everybody missed him when he went away and will always remember him.

Because he used to put his arm around mother and tease her until her eyes twinkled and she said, "Go away boy"!

Because he wore his overcoats for ten years and his shoes for two years, and called his coat "as good as new, with a little fixing of the lining."

Because he was deep-chested and strong, and because his strength came from work in the fields in such days as he could find no work in his own profession.

Because he loved all flowers in cool woods and in sunny fields and by dusty roadsides, and brought them home, gathered into clumsy bouquets "for mother," if she could not go herself to see them in the places where they held up their shy faces.

Because my mother knew that from the day he first met her until he died, or for all the days in fifty years, she was the woman he loved. I should like the woman I marry to know the same thing of me all our lives long.

Because, although his work kept him away from home for so many weeks at a time, he wrote jolly letters every day to mother and to us, making jokes out of icy winds and beds covered with snow that had drifted in through farm-house windows, and of all hardships.

That is why I should like to be such a man as he was.

ENOUGH.

"My Grace is sufficient."—2 Cor., 12:9.
Enough when days are dark and drear,
Enough when shadows fall;
Thy grace will then sufficient be,
Dear Lord, to meet them all.

Enough when morning dawns most bright,
Whene'er the sun shines clear;
Enough to keep my feet aright,
E'en with temptation near.

Enough when Pleasure beckons on.
From Duty's path to lead;
Enough to comfort in distress,
Enough for every need.

Thy grace, not mine, O Christ divine,
Through life enough will be,
Enough to guide my feeble bark,
Across life's changeful sea.

Enough whene'er the voyage is o'er,
And all our harbors past,
Into the haven of sweet rest
To bring me home at last.

—Mrs. E. M. Anderson.

SUSIE CORNELIA TURNER.

Last Friday morning, February 27th, Mrs. Susie Cornelia Turner, wife of Mr. Bayard B. Turner, "fell on sleep" at her home in McCullers, leaving besides her sorrowing husband, three precious, sweet little children who will never know the meaning of a mother's love; also three sisters, Mrs. Gill of Raleigh, Miss Lottie, of Wilmington, and Miss Kate of McCullers; and three brothers, James, Robert and John. Mrs. Turner was a victim of influenza and complications.

Susie Turner was one of Barium's favorite, most accomplished daughters. She graduated in May, 1912, and was married the following November. Only last May she and her delightful little family came to Barium on a visit. Little she knew and little we dreamed this was in the nature of a farewell visit.

Susie Turner was pure gold—always loyal, always true, always radiating sunshine to those around her.. She never had an enemy, for the reason that all her acquaintances were her friends. Everybody liked Susie Turner. She possessed the confidence and affection of all who knew her. No finer example of true womanhood can be found in all the broad land.

The news of her death came with shocking sadness at Barium, where she was remembered and loved by many. The world will be better for her having lived in it. The memory of her life will make more blessed the lives of those she leaves behind. It can truly be said of her that her life was lived between her home and her church. Her last days were spent in ministering to the ills of the members of her own household, and it was only when the death angel called for her to come home to her reward that she surrendered the place of a good wife and mother.

It makes life's rough places smooth to linger for awhile on the memory of such a life. We shall all miss Susie Turner and her sunny, smiling disposition, but most of all she will be missed by those near and dear to her. To them we extend our deepest sympathy. The passing of this wife and mother will make the attractions of the glorified life greater to those left behind. To her loved ones we pass along these hopeful lines:

"There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven."

Last year saw nearly two thousand newspapers" hang up the fiddle and the bow." They could not face the music with the price of printpaper flirting with the stars. This year will see an even larger number falling by the wayside. The paper manufacturers, seeing that the government was only bluffing, are running up the price of paper every day and are reaping an enormous harvest.

Scotland county can boast of farm land that sold for as high as $820 per acre. No doubt that land will grow gold dollars. The Scotland farmers make one acre produce as much as others get from ten acres and the Scotland farmers have the big end of the horn, even at $820 per acre.

Home Happenings

—Flu.

* * *

—Flu.

* * *

—Flu.

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—It's here!

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—Our school closed Tuesday on account of the "flu."

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—Rev. W. T. Walker returned from Virginia Wednesday.

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Miss Cruse of Statesville is the nurse in charge at the Infirmary.

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—The season of kites is at hand, but O. F. O. is not in a position to supply the paper this year.

* * *

—A porker dressing 430 pounds was laid on our shelves Monday along with several of his brethren of lighter build.

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—April 20 is the date for the meeting of the Tri-State Orphanage Conference, and the Raleigh Methodist Orphanage is the place.

* * *

—March came in like a lion all right, wind and a blast of snow, which was seen only in falling. Let us hope that it will go out like a lamb.

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—Mr. H. L. Thomas and family of Burlington arrived this week. Mr. Thomas has accepted the position of truck farmer.

* * *

—As we go to press there have developed some forty cases of "flu" in the Orphanage. All, however, we are glad to report, are of a mild nature, and without complications.

* * *

—Alfred Kirk Foster is the probable name of the red-headed sky pilot born to Rev. and Mrs. W. C. C. Foster. Mother and child, we are glad to hear, are getting along nicely.

* * *

—Our friends continue to send OUR FATHERLESS ONES new subscribers. We appreciate this assistance more than anything else, and want to encourage others to go and do likewise.

* * *

—A strict quarantine was not sufficient to keep out the "flu." When our time came it paid us a rushing visit, about thirty going down in 24 hours. We are glad to report that the disease is in a mild form, and we are expecting no serious complications.

* * *

A Girl's Essay on Boys.

"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam, He said to Himself: 'Well, I think I can do better, if I try again.' And He made Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men.

"Boys are a trouble. They wear everything out but soap. If I had my way half the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

"Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made, and she has never rested since."—Pittsburg Advocate.

Our Fatherless Ones

REV. W. T. WALKER, Editor-in Chief.
JAS. P. GRAY, Editor.

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OUR ONLY HOPE.

Verily, the aftermath of war, the reconstruction, is proving a more fearful thing than the war itself. While the war lasted we could see loyalty, unity, patience and, above all else, the spirit of self-sacrifice on all sides.

Now what do we see? First of all, a class war. This class arrayed against the other; jealousy, suspicion and evil temper all along the line. Anarchists drunk with false and evil theories are scattering vicious propaganda to the four corners of the earth. Organized labor in many instances is making impossible demands, and seeking to coerce the government. Profiteers are everywhere, without the least show of a conscience, and never seem to know when they have carried their robbery far enough. Extravagance and speculation are running riot; meantime, unrest and dissatisfaction is growing.

What is the remedy? Where is it all going to end? Mr. Roger Babson, of Massachusetts, an expert on investments in stocks, bonds and other securities, in a letter to his clients, points out the remedy for our ills and the source of our safety in the future. Our hope is in the churches, and the pastors who preach truth, and virtue, and peace. Mr. Babson well says:

"The real security for the stocks, bonds, mortgages, deeds and other investments which we own is the integrity of the community. The steel boxes, the legal papers and the other things we look upon as so important are the mere shells of the eggs. The value of our investments depends not on the strength of our banks, but rather upon the strength of our churches. The underpaid preachers of the nation are the men upon whom we really are depending, rather than the well-paid lawyers, bankers and brokers. The religion of the community is really the bulwark of our investments."

"For our own sakes, for our children's sakes, for the nation's sake, let us business men get behind the churches and their preachers! Never mind if they are not perfect. The safety of all we have is due to the church-. By all that we hold dear, let us from this day give more time, money and thought to the churches of our city, for upon these the value of all we own ultimately depends"!

There is no escaping the critic's evil tongue. No sooner had the name of Herbert Hoover been mentioned as a possible candidate for President than all the gossiping tongues began working overtime trying to discredit the man with absurd and unfounded falsehoods. He is quietly going about his business with not a word to say, but the critics would not have it so. They forced his hand, and Hoover's first public statement set the world's mind at rest. He is a red-blooded American with a mind of his own, with wonderful business, executive ability. America can make no mistake, in our opinion, in drafting him to untangle the thread of our national life.

There is no place of concealment of human action in the broad universe. Acts would as well be proclaimed from the housetops as to be sought to be concealed in the darkest cavern. At last all is to be laid bare before the assembled universe.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, of Winston - Salem, is a writer of rare ability, and a leader of her sex, altogether safe and sane. She writes often with much brilliancy, and always has something to say which contains food for deep thought. Mrs. Patterson recently returned from an extended tour of Europe, and in writing about her trip we find the following reflection of especial interest:

"I suppose one Sunday a week will do for the rest of the world, but America ought to have two, and spend one of them thanking God for giving us a country protected on the east and west by great oceansand on the north by our own blood kin—the English race.

If you think our three thousand miles of frontier facing Canada — without thought of fort or soldier to defend them—are nothing to be grateful for, just imagine that frontier facing Germany or Russia. The Mexican border fronts a nation of German cats' paws, but fortunately they are not strong enough to be a real menace—only an annoyance.

"Of course we are a great people. What have we had to hinder us from becoming great? Staying great is another matter, now that submarines have conquered the depths of the sea and aeroplanes the heights of the air and distance is practically annihilated. There is only one way to save the world and that is for the three strong nations—the three civilized nations, to stand together and say to the world, "We three — America, England and France — stand together through everything and the country that touches one must answer to all."

I said three countries, but now that I think of it, I include another, and that is China, for it is a land and a people that we have never appreciated. We shall need a reliable friend some day in the East and China is reliable and she is friendly. The old, peaceful world that you and I grew up in is as dead as the Old South was after the Civil War, and we shall have to rebuild a new one, just as our parents had to rebuild that."

SPRING COMING.

Soon the farmers will be farming, plowing up the bosky dells; skies will soon be blue and charming, and the breezes wearing bells. Every day is bringing nearer Spring, the season we admire; and this precious thought grows clearer and I feed the furnace fire. When I'm shaking down the ashes, when I'm heaving in the coal, this reflection goes a-flashing through the fiber of my soul; and I wave the rusty poker and I slam the furnace door, for I will not need to stoke her, in the Springtime, any more! Oh, the winter winds are chilling, and they jolt us when they strike, but the Springtime's calmly drilling somewhere up the dusty pike; and she's bringing birds and roses and hwarm of bumble-bees; we forget our frosted noses when we think such thoughts as these. Spring is coming, gentle reader, with that luscious smile of hers, and the farmer with his seeder will be sowing cockleburrs; and we'll get up picnic parties in the sylvan dells and glades, where the happy village smarties will escort the giggling maids; and we'll be knee-deep in clover and forget our every sore, for the winter will be over and the Spring will have the floor.—Walt Mason.

A man bearing the name of Roper should have no difficulty in rounding up violators of the prohibition amendment. — Columbus Dispatch.

THE DANCE OF THE ELDERS

An article appearing in the open forum of a late issue of the Observer, in which the writer recommended religion as a cure for the dance evil, was a thoughtful, well-prepared and timely suggestion; except that it is too personal for the average man and woman to think of seriously. And while this is not to criticise the writer in any way, or to take sides on a question already settled, in so far as the city government is concerned; and I mention the above solely for the purpose of telling a story as given me by my friend and neighbor, Mr. R. Neal Williams, who was a party to the story. One Mr. Wm. Puckett, a well-known and loved citizen of the Hopewell section of this county, was an elder in the church and an all-round good man 25 years ago; who at heart was opposed to the old country dances, even; but who allowed the young people to over-persuade him to allow them to have a little dance at his house. It was an honor to be a guest in that home, and there was a fine crowd of young people present, and the dance had proceeded to the point where one set had been danced out, the music ceased, and all was comparatively quiet. Uncle Bill had been a nervous spectator all the while; and right in the midst of a lull some half-drunk rowdy drove up in the front yard and yelled out: "Ain't old Bill Puckett a big elder in the church? He's a nice man to be havin' a dance at his house"!

Uncle Bill heard the banter, and without a word came out in the floor and said to Neal Williams, who was calling figures: "Neal, let's open this next set with prayer." With that Mr. Puckett fell on his knees and began a prayer, such as is seldom heard. It was as if a guilty conscience was talking to its Master. It was no few words and over with, but a prayer pleading, and from the heart. When at last he had finished, and he and Neal had arisen, they were alone. All the dancers had fled the room and most of them were trudging homeward.

Comment is unnecessary. The dance was all right with those young people; they were happy and carefree. These same young people went to church and had respect for religion. They no doubt had pleasure in both; but a mixture of the two so unexpectedly was too much, and they fled. The same would probably happen today were some man to offer to open a dance with prayer.—C. W. Hunt, in Charlotte Observer.

MY FOES.

I have barred the door on Doubt,
He may not enter in;
His specious plan I'll scout,
He is foul and full of sin.

I have barred the door on Fear,
May he return no more;
For it would cost me dear
His ravages to restore .

I have barred the door on Spite,
I cannot bide his mien;
God will my course requite—
On His strong arm I lean.

I have barred the door on Hate,
For Love is now my guest;
All, all of adverse fate
I love—all, all the sore-oppressed!

I have barred the door on Care,
My Father knows my need;
Good things He will prepare,
And blessings send indeed.

Since these five foes have fled,
Sweet Peace has come to stay;
And joyfully I tread
Along life's golden way.
—Georgie Tillman Snead.

AWAY DOWN HOME.

'Twill not be long before they hear
The bullbat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whipporwill.
A few more friendly suns will call
The bluets through the loam,
And star the lanes with buttercups
Away down home.

"Knee-deep"! from reedy places
Will sing the river frogs.
The terrapins will sun themselves
On all the jutting logs.
The angler's cautious oar will leave
A trail of drifting foam
Along the shady currents
Away down home.

The mocking-bird will feel again
The glory of his wings,
And wanton through the balmy air
And sunshine while he sings.
With a new cadence in his call,
The glint-wing'd crow will roam
From field to newly-furrowed field
Away down home.

When dogwood blossoms mingle
With the maple's modest red,
And sweet arbutus wakes at last
From out her winter's bed,
'Twould not seem strange at all to meet
A dryad or a gnome,
Or Pan or Psyche in the woods
Away down home.

Then come with me, thou weary heart!
Forget thy brooding ills,
Since God has come to walk among
His valleys and His hills!
The mart will never miss thee,
Nor the scholar's dusty tome,
And the Master waits to bless thee,
Away down home.
—John Charles McNeill.

Happiness—What It Is—Elusive as the Rainbow.

Life is like a child pursuing the rainbow.

In the child's hand is a peppermint stick. Every little while the child must stop and rest. With each rest it nibbles at its candy and forgets the rainbow for a little while. . .

The rainbow that men pursue is the thing called Happiness.

It is ever elusive, it is never captured, because, like the rainbow, it exists only in the mind. The rainbow changes its appearance and location as the eye changes its position—and Happiness changes as the mind does.

What was looked forward to as the greatest Happiness when we were twenty would not attract us for a moment at forty.

The peppermint stick, however, is real. It is food and shelter and clothing and occupation. It has stripes like the rainbow and as we enjoy it we say we are happy. But always we discover that the rainbow, after all, is the real Happiness and we begin again to pursue it.

Happiness is expectation, and nothing else.

To be always looking forward, to be always striving, that is Happiness. Only when we cease to pursue, only when we look back and see that realization never brought the joyous thrill we expected, only then do we become unhappy.

So long as we press on, still hoping and expecting that the next realization will be all that we dreamed, we remain happy. To some this will seem a statement that Happiness is only an illusion and that it is foolish to pursue a rainbow. Be it so. Think what you will. But before you realize it you will be dreaming, hoping, expecting once again.

It is the will to live that leads you on, the will to get somewhere, the eternal desire. You can only escape it by dying, and even at the last moment it will likely beckon to you and the last expiring flicker of intelligence will be hope that it is only Sleep, and not Death, that calls.—Sel.

WHAT A FARMER SHOULD KNOW.

A lot of folks want to quit city jobs and be farmers. They have read and believed the rainbow gush of the literary back-to-the-landers. So each mail brings letters to many leading farmers, asking what is required to succeed in the country.

Lee Mehler, Virginia farmer, was asked this question by a city bookkeeper. He took a lot of trouble to be specific, and replied that a farmer must know about soils, soil drainage, soil chemistry, soil physics, the relation of crops to soil and climate, the rotation of crops, fertilization, best ways of handling and selling crops, how to feed and care for livestock, how to handle livestock in relation to soil and climate, how to repair broken machinery, how to handle various gasoline-engine vehicles and power plants, how to do carpentry and plumbing and blacksmithing, must be a good buyer and seller, a good manager, should know enough about bookkeeping to compute costs, must have executive ability, should have the stamina to do fourteen or fifteen hours' work a day, and if frost or hail or drought or flood or high wind brings the year's work to naught, must have the courage to take a drink of water and a cold bath and start over again.

And the above is only an incomplete list—a mere start toward what the farmer should know. Yes, it is a great life, if you don't weaken. — Country Gentleman.

PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

Rev. W. T. Walker, Superintendent-Treasurer.
Barium Springs, N. C.

Notice: All money and supplies should be forwarded to the Superintendent. The sender of packages should write his or her name plainly on the package.

THE WAYS OF TWO MOTHERS.

Two boys, John and Henry, were caught by their mothers reading "The Boy Burglar of Chicago." John's mother took her boy's copy away from him, threw it into the ashpan and forbade him to read any more such books under penalty of a good, sound thrashing. That afternoon the mother went out, and John, of course, got the book out of the ash-pan and finished reading it, as any normal boy would do.

Henry's mother suggested that they read the book together. Mother read it out loud, and somehow it didn't sound right to the boy when the story came from his mother's lips. "It isn't much' it is true," said the mother, "but let us finish it." But the boy protested. "Well," said the mother, "suppose we read a story like it, but which I think is better." The boy was interested and the mother read "Robin Hood." The boy voted it great and asked John to come over the next day and listen to it. Then the mother continued with "The Boys' King Arthur" and Fennimore Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales." Meanwhile "The Boy Burglar of Chicago" lay on the library table. It was never taken up nor finished.

It was simply two ways that two mothers handled the same situation, but they secured different results.—Exchange.

At a church conference a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After proceeding for a few minutes, the bishop, who was in the chair, interrupted with the question: "Do I understand that Mr. Dobson is thankful for his ignorance"?

"You can put it that way, if you like"! was the answer.

"Well," said the prelate, "all I have to say is that he has much to be thankful for."—London Tit-Bits.

In order to witness for Christ one must be Christlike. Nor is it so much by declaration of mouth that testimony is borne, but by the conduct or demeanor in one's relation to others.

"I hope," said one woman to another, "that you never nag your husband."

"Only when he's beating the rugs," was the reply. "When he is thoroughly irritated he makes a much better job of it."

When a fellow starts down he finds everything pretty well greased—also when he starts up!

The home is the nursery of life's influence. The recollections of the home last longest. Many do or do not, just as the parents did or did not.

It is a dull week that has no harrowing tragedy to record. As if the influenza were not hurling souls into eternity fast enough, there are those who must resort to weapons to cause sorrow and death to hover over our land. These are perilous times in which we move. The lessons of the war have been forgotten if we ever learned any.

"BOTTOM RAIL ON TOP."

Please allow me to call the attention of your readers (especially landlords) to the Progressive Farmer article in your issue of the 3d inst. "A Square Deal for the Farmer." Three facts are set forth as a means of having good tenants:

1. You must build good houses.

2. Let them have money to purchase supplies.

3. Encourage them by offering prices, etc.

If you have good homes, you will no doubt have some good tenants; you will, however, still have some bad and indifferent. If you have some good ones, the money matter is settled, as you can borrow enough from them (if they will let you have it) to tide you and the others over the adverse waves of the last days of summer. Why worry, though, about the comforts of the tenant since he sees to that matter for himself? He suggests what repairs and additions he wants and you make them. He wants a well instead of the spring hard by, and you dig it. He wants it piped to the top and you pipe it. Your old wagon needs shelter room but must wait, as he has a vehicle of locomotion (brand new) and wants a garage, and you build it. The mules you bought for him last year do not suit, so you exchange them for others. He is not "over-busy" during winter, and you have an urgent job of work. You ask him to help. He places his hand across a full stomach, stretches himself to his full height and you have before your eyes a paragon of plumpness, which means that your work can wait, and it does! The editor of the Progressive Farmer has too much brains to be an intimate friend of mine, nevertheless, I can and do admire him very much; therefore, I would ask him not too lose too much sleep over the conditions of the tenant, but in his most wakeful moments write a few lines of condolence and comfort for the much-tenanted landlord. I believe I'll quit by signing myself as I really am, "A Good Tenant and a Shabby Landlord."—S. H. Averitt, in Smithfield Herald.

THE ROBIN'S ENGINE ALWAYS "IN HIGH."

Anything that John Burroughs writes about nature is worth reading; and our Progressive Farmer boys and girls may be interested in his characterization of the robin in the January Scribner's. He says:

"The robin's nesting habits are the most unique and diverse of all birds. Now he is a tree-builder in the fork of a trunk or on a horizontal branch, then a builder in vines or rose bushes around your porch, then on some coign of vantage about your house or barn, or under the shed, or under a bridge, or in the stone wall, or on the ground above a hedge. I have known him to go into a well and build there on a projecting stone. He brings off his first brood in May, and the second in June, and, if a dry season does not seriously curtail his food supply, a third one in September.

"He is a hustler in every sense of the word—a typical American in his enterprise and versatility. He has been seen as far north as the arctic circle. His voice is the first I hear in the morning, and the last at night. Little wonder that there are twenty robins to one bluebird, or wood thrush, or catbird.

"Yet who does not cherish a deep love for the robin? He is a plebeian bird, but he adds a touch to life in the country that one would not like to miss.

"The robin is neither a walker nor a hopper. He is doomed always to be a runner. Go slow he cannot; his engine is always 'in high'—it starts 'in high' and stops 'in high.'"

LAUGH--*and* the World Laughs with you

Think twice before you speak is a good rule to follow. Imagine the feelings of the minister who failed to do so and made the following announcement one Sunday:

"There are some flowers here for those who are sick at the close of this service."

On the other hand, consider the case of Jones, who did think before speaking. His wife had asked for money. "Would you rather have an old five or a new one"? he asked.

"A new one, of course"! was the answer.

"All right," came Jones' answer; "here's the one, and I'll save the other four."

We are not sure whether it was the girl who wanted to know how they found if there was gold in ore or the man who told her, "Oh, we smelt it," who was speaking too quickly, but, anyway, the girl answered that she smelt it, too, but could not smell the gold!

Another instance of speaking without thinking comes to mind. He was in a hurry, and asked the cashier for a check-book for a lady that folds in the middle.

Then there is the story of the man who created the impression that the millionaire was a centipede, by stating that he had landed in this country with two bare feet and nowhadmillions.

For true barbarism you will have to go far to get one better than the paper-hanger's answer to the rector, when asked on what day he could paper the parsonage.

"Well, sir," he said, "you see I'm rather busy now. I hung Mrs. Smith yesterday; I'm hanging your church-warden today; but if it is convenient I'll drop around and hang you on Wednesday."

* * *

The Magistrate — This lady says you tried to speak to her at the railway station.

The Accused — It was a mistake! I was looking for my wife's young niece, whom I've never seen, but who'd been described to me as a handsome, blonde lady with classic features; fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed and—

The Complaining Witness — I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Any one might have made the same mistake.

* * *

A Cleveland father tells us that he thought he had thought up a great scheme for keeping order in his household. He noticed that his rather obstreperous young son had the quality of thriftiness, and resolved to appeal to it.

"Sonny," said he, "I'm going to give you a nickel every day you're a good boy, on condition that every day you are not good you will give me a nickel. Is it a go"?

"I'd like to do it, dad," answered the boy, "but I can't afford it. I've only got one dollar and twenty-six cents in my bank to start on."

* * *

"I don't believe there's any turtle in this soup at all," said the guest to the waiter.

Turtle? I know there isn't. If you ordered cottage pudding you wouldn't expect to find a cottage in it, would you"?

* * *

Doctor — Madam, I shall have to paint your husband's throat with nitrate of silver.

Profiteer's Wife — Please use nitrate of gold, doctor. The expense is quite immaterial—London Opinion.

TAKE NOTICE!

The wonderful Barium Rock Spring is now owned and operated by the Presbyterian Orphans' Home. The Water has cured hundreds of cases of Eczema, and is known to have **RELIEVED OTHER DISEASES!**

Special Low Price

Price: Ten gallons, $2, F. O. B.,, Barium Springs, N. C.

The demijohns remain our property, **AND ARE TO BE RETURNED WITHIN THIRTY DAYS!**

Do You SUFFER?

FROM ECZEMA, STOMACH TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, INDIGESTION OR BLOOD POISON!

Then Read the Testimonials of People who have used

Barium Rock Spring Water

SUCCESSFULLY

Charlotte, N. C., Feb. 22, 1916.
Barium Springs Company, Barium Springs, N. C.:

Gentlemen: After suffering for three years with my stomach and bowels and some eruption of the skin, I was persuaded, about November 15th, to use Barium Springs Water. After using fifteen gallons the skin cleared up, my appetite was increased and my digestion so much improved that I can eat anything I want. I am gaining from a half to one pound per day. I give credit to the wonderful Barium Springs water.

I am glad to give this testimonial and hope that others may be benefited as I have been.

Yours very truly,

MRS. K. H. C.

Letter No. 2 From Mrs. K. C.

Charlotte, N. C., April 12, 1916.
Barium Springs Company, Barium Springs, N. C.:

Gentlemen: Since writing you on February 22d, my improvement has gradually progressed. I weigh 33 pounds more than I did in January **AND AM FEELING FINE!**

At the request of my physician and some of my friends, and as a last resort, I began to use this water. The results have been remarkable. When I began to use the water, November 15, 1915, I was in the hospital and very weak and emaciated and unable to digest my food. Yesterday I walked **FOURTEEN BLOCKS AND AM ABLE TO ATTEND TO MY HOUSEHOLD DUTIES!**

I take great pleasure in recommending the water to all who have had stomach trouble and skin trouble as I have had.

Yours very truly,

MRS. K. H. C.

Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 29, 1915.
Barium Springs Company, Barium Springs, N. C.:

Gentlemen: After suffering for some time from Rheumatism, I visited Hot Springs, Ark., last February and took a course of twenty-one baths. I returned home still suffering from Rheumatism and began the use of mineral waters.

In May my attention was called to the Barium Rock Spring water by one of my sisters, who had been greatly relieved by this water. I then began the use of the Barium water and continued it until October, and secured **GREATER RELIEF FROM IT THAN FROM ANYTHING ELSE I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND!**

Yours very truly,

C. W. SHUMAN.

Send all orders to

PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME, Barium Springs, N. C.

Short Stories for the Young People

A BOY'S BEST CREED.

Be honest, lad, in word and deed,
In all you say and do;
Treat others in your walk of life
As you'd have them treat you;
Don't steal another's precious time,
Or blot a spotlessname—
You may not think that stealing, 'tis
Dishonest just the same.

Be true—there's nothing half so grand
As character of truth;
Let never trace of falsehood stain
The glory of your youth.
Let every thought you harbor be
As clean and pure as day,
Sincerity of purpose gleam
In every word you say.

Be brave—don't be afraid to stand
Up boldly for the right
And evil firmly to oppose
With all your fearless might;
For real courage only fears
What it is wrong to do—
To live a hero's life, my lad,
Be honest, brave, and true!

—L. M. Montgomery.

COULD WRECK NEW YORK.

A dispatch from London, England, says a remarkable series of wireless experiments, just completed at Chelmsford, has been productive of some dynamic results, not to say even more explosive discusion. That the entire manner and scale of warfare as well as the physiognomy of the battered old world can be changed as if by black magic is the claim made for the new tricks of the radio trade successfully tried out in this demonstration.

Foremost is the assertion that by this new wireless device big guns or hidden stores of explosives can be fired or exploded at long distance, and the very choice example of destroying New York by pressing a button in London is brought forward by the eager protagonists of this newest feat of science.

The original purpose of the Chelmsford test was to demonstrate a new device for giving aid to ships in distress at sea, but before the scientific revel ended the agenda of accomplishment included such trifling topics as literal wars of the hemispheres.

The apparatus in its simpler form provides the wave length sufficient to ring bells on board every ship within the wireless radius of the vessel sending out the distress call. It is with the extension of this idea, however, that the wireless wizards played their trump cards.

First, they started, for argument's sake, on 300 miles, and asserted and then proved to their own satisfaction that with the proper wave length and adaptation at both ends this instrument could fire a gun or all the guns on the Passcendale ridge by touching a lever in London.

An official of the Marconi company then declared that such an apparatus in Paris could cause an explosion in Berlin. Also, it was asserted that an apparatus in an airplane could hover over an approaching enemy until his troops were over a previously hidden store of explosives and then destroy them.

Thus off to a fair start, these scientists next began to pick on America. Some one asked why London could not blow up New York by this device. Some one else replied that it was very simple, with only two steps necessary. One was to increase the range of the instrument, and that comparatively easy, the other was to proceed to New York and leave a "live" receiver lying about somewhere, suitably hidden, and of course, attached to a mine of explosives. Blewie!

It was stated that the instrument was used in experimental ways during the latter part of the war, when fog guns some 15 miles from shore were fired in the Channel by wireless rather than by a party of men despatched to the scene.

However, the principal use to which the device will be put is in merchant shipping, and the experiments at Chelmsford centered about such application. It is emphasized that such an apparatus will obviate the necessity of having wireless operators aboard and will act as a sort of automatic telephone or alarm.

The more uncanny phase of the experiments was with wireless explosions. A small mine of gunpowder at Chelmsford was exploded almost simultaneously with the pressing of a button at Cambridge.

THE VOTING AND THE COOKING.

The Woman Won't Be So Green About the Former as the Man About the Latter.

It does appear that women will be able to pick up their duties as voters with a deal more dignity than men have ever been able to wear a kitchen apron.

Watch a man, a highly intelligent business man, too, getting breakfast, the simplest meal of all to prepare. With a fire roaring in the kitchen range, he went blithely about his work, an old felt hat on his head, a pipe in his mouth. First, with a frying pan and much lard he cooked the eggs. Wherever there is a man cooking, there is he frying eggs. This man cooked four—he was the only one to be served—and he fried all four soundly. The eggs, exceedingly well done, were then placed on a platter to cool, while the cook looked vaguely about for something else to prepare. Except for the eggs he had had a hazy notion about his menu. But it did seem there ought to be bread.

The man then launched into the preparation of a marvelous paste, half muffin and half biscuit. There was flour, there was meal, there were two heaping tablespoons of soda, a slight pinch of salt, four eggs, a tablespoon of vanilla extract, a teaspoon of cinnamon. At this juncture the cook, casting recklessly about for further ingredients, added an uncertain quantity of blackberry jam. He debated a long time about the butter, but finally left that out. The mixture was reduced with water to an exceedingly pasty paste and dropped lump by lump into a biscuit pan. The cook was tremendously proud of this triumph in creative cooking, as he shoved the pan in the oven. He waited about the kitchen restlessly for the triumph to cook. In the meantime he opened a can of tomatoes and a can of peaches, muttering softly to himself in the struggle.

He burned a cruel blister on his hand as he opened the oven door to find the biscuits, baked an uncertain yellow, ready to be served.

The eggs were cold, but so were the tomatoes and peaches. He banked heavily on the biscuits. He removed his pipe from his mouth and his hat from his head and seated himself at the breakfast table. With a pang he realized that there was no coffee made. While the biscuits cooled to the temperature of the eggs and tomatoes he put the coffee on to boil and stamped impatiently about the room, occasionally urging the fire. At the first suggestion of steam from the coffee pot he poured a cup of the pale liquid thickened with grounds and hastened once more to his morning meal. The eggs were too cold and too hard and totally without salt. Probably the biscuits would yet save the unhappy day. But one bite of the triumph of creative cooking and the erstwhile cook rose up and swore roundly. That was the only thing that this particular man could do under the circumstances. A woman would have resorted to tears. The biscuits were impossible—worse than impossible. There was too much of the ingredients used and not enough of something else. Certainly there was too much soda.

The man ate a peach and a tomato or two, picking them from their tin cans with a fork. Then he brushed the flour from his hat, went down town to a cafe and drank a cup of coffee.—Miss Daisy Hendley, in the Statesville Landmark.

THEY'VE FIXED PAUL.

The amiable Dr. Johnson of Charity and Children, who doesn't take kindly to woman suffrage, is disturbed about the women speaking in the churches. He says:

It is a grave question that confronts us as to what we are going to do with Paul. If we discredit any of his writings, do we not discredit all? If we refuse to accept one of his injunctions and claim that it is not inspired, down goes the whole body of what this great apostle to the Gentiles has left on record.

Thereupon the Greensboro News about "teetotally runt" the doctor with the following observation:

Charity and Children knows, of course, but for the benefit of any of our readers who may not be well instructed in Biblical lore, let us explain that Paul is the man who wrote, "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

He also wrote, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law."

Come to think about it, what is Charity and Children going to do with Paul? We must confess that we haven't an idea.

That should hold the doctor for awhile. It was all right from the prohibitionist standpoint — which was the standpoint of Dr. Johnson — to reverse Paul on the wine and water injunction; but the doctor forgot temporarily that, according to his own logic, one of Paul's injunctions having been ignored, "down goes the whole body." The water-drinkers having destroyed Paul's doctrine that one should take "a little wine for thy stomach's sake," with that blow they also set aside his injunction against the ladies speaking in the churches. You need not longer worry about Paul, Dr. Johnson. You've helped to put into the discard the very injunction about which you are concerned. —Statesville Landmark.

AGAINST THE DEATH PENALTY.

Raleigh News and Observer.

The groundwork of an organization that has for its ultimate aim an amendment to the constitution of the State abolishing capital punishment for crime was laid in Raleigh when a number of North Carolina citizens were in conference with Rev. Oscar Haywood, D. D., pastor of Calvary Baptist church in New York city.

Until permanent organization is effected and a considerably large interest is centralized in the organization, Mr. C. R. Boone, a leading merchant of the city will act as president. Mr. W. T. Bost, Raleigh representative of the Greensboro News, and an earnest advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, will act as secretary, and Mr. A. H. Mooneyham, city commissioner, will be treasurer.

Last summer while supplying the pulpit of the Baptist Tabernacle here during the absence of Dr. Weston Smith, Dr. Haywood delivered a powerful address advocating the abolition of the death penalty in the State, and urging an active campaign in behalf of such an amendment to the constitution. Profound interest was created in the subject by Dr. Haywood's appeal, and at the close of the service there was an offering of a considerable sum of money for the furtherance of the campaign.

Since that time the matter has been the subject of some considerable activity on the part of a number of citizens, leading yesterday to the initial steps of forming an organization to direct the campaign. Present plans are to appeal to public sentiment through various agencies, culminating in an appeal to the General Assembly next January to draft an amendment to be submitted to the voters of the State. Efforts will be made to enlist the assistance of a large number of people through membership in the organization.

The Life, Law and Order League of North Carolina is the name of the body. Not only will it attempt to do away with death as payment of crime, but it will endeavor to compensate the absence of this moral deterrent to crime by the inculcation of the principles of law and order, bring about a state of society in which crimes for which the death penalty might be eliminated.

"He seems very narrow-minded in an argument"!

"Not at all. He admits that there are two sides to every question; his side and the wrong side"!—Cartoons Magazine.

Oklahoma has ratified the suffrage amendment, the thirty-third State to ratify.

ANOTHER OFFER OF $100,000

The General Education Board of New York (the Rockerfeller Foundation) has offered to Davidson College $100,000 on a $500,000 fund.

This means that we must get at least $400,000 from our Million Dollar Campaign for Davidson to secure this offer. Four hundred thousand is Davidson's part of the million. In other words:

WE MUST GO OVER THE TOP FOR A MILLION HERE IN NORTH CAROLINA

When we raise the million then twon offers become binding to be added to the million:

The above offer for - - $100,000.
Mr. C. E. Graham's offer for - $ 60,000.

THIS IS A PRIZE WORTH WORKING FOR——$160,000

Remember that three-fourths at least of what we are getting is not binding unless we secure the total.

Winston-Salem will be asked to endow a Chair at Davidson, $50,000. Wilmington will be asked to do the same. Greensboro will be asked to erect at Davidson a Dormitory, $75,000. (This will be known as Greenbsoro or Guilford Hall and a tablet will indicate the amount invested by each church in the community.)

Everybody is investing in this Campaign for Christian Education; the working girl is giving and the wealthy are giving.—We have come now to the time when it would be discreditable for Presbyterian not to take a part.

OUR TOTAL TO DATE IS $775,000 Pledged—$225,000 MORE TO GET BY MARCH FIRST

Let us make this a victory that will set the whole Church on fire.

The Million Dollar Campaign Committee
A. M. SCALES, Chairman R. G. VAUGHN, Treasurer
C. M. RICHARDS, Secretary.
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

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